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NATHAN C. HARRISON, Treasurer



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WILLIAM FEATHER, *Editor*

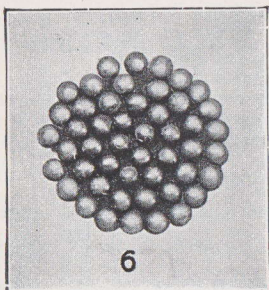
NATHAN C. HARRISON
Business Manager



A magazine devoted to health, honesty, enthusiasm, industry, humor and things in general. The editorial expression may not be right, but, in an effort to get at the real truth, let us all think it over. Published on the first of each month. The circulation is free within the business range of the granite, marble and stone industries, but to others the price is ten cents a copy or one dollar for the year.

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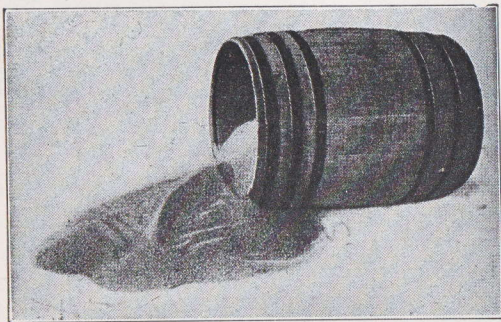
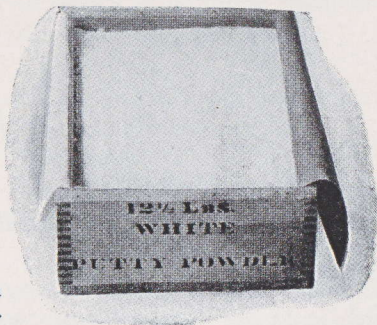
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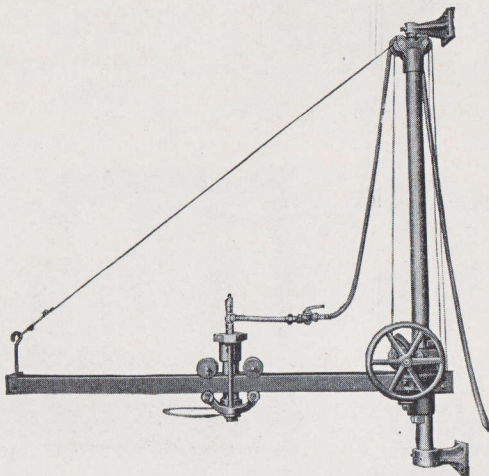
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Harrison's Magazine

WILLIAM FEATHER, *Editor*

Volume 16

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IN THE SHADOW of every prosperous business you'll find a serious, hard-working man.

IT'S WHAT THE GUESTS SAY as they swing out of the driveway that really counts.

IF A MAN ALWAYS PAYS his bills promptly I'm for him.

EVERYBODY, even the President of the United States, wonders occasionally whether his life has been a success.

SOME MEN WOULD RATHER face an angry tiger than a woman who has gone into a grim silence.

CHARACTER IS IMPORTANT, I suppose, but most bankers are mighty particular about the collateral.

WRITING EPIGRAMS is like fishing. From past

Conditions Never "Just Right"

experience you know the fish are there, but you're never sure what the "catch" will be.

IF THE WOMEN get any more "rights" the men will begin to treat them as "equals;" and then the real meanness of men will come out.

TOO many of us wait to do the perfect thing, with the result that we do nothing.

Many people tell me they would like to write. What they mean is that they would like to write like Shakespeare or Thackeray or Joseph Conrad.

They want to start in where the best man up to the present moment left off.

No one ever gets anywhere until he gets rid of the idea that his first effort is going to startle the world.

The way to get ahead is to start now. If you start now, you will know a lot next year that you don't know now, and that you wouldn't know next year, if you had waited.

While a lot of us are waiting until conditions are "just right" before we go ahead, others are stumbling along, fortunately ignorant of the dangers that beset them.

Perseverance Rewarded

By the time that we, in our superior wisdom, decide to make a start, we discover that the fools, in their blundering way, have traveled quite a distance.

Every man who makes unusual progress seems to have been something of a fool, by which I mean that he undertook things no solidly sensible fellow would attempt. I hear startling confessions from men who quit good jobs with sure pay to tackle insecure jobs with uncertain pay. Men go into business ventures with little but hope to sustain and feed them, and twenty years later you hear they have been ordered by their doctor to take a trip around the world.

None of these men would dare to live their lives over again. Success hung on too thin a thread. In retrospect they know the dangerous passes through which they traveled, but in the excitement of the chase they were spared all doubts. They simply plunged forward, protected by their very ignorance and assurance.

How wise is youth! Wise because it sometimes has the courage to disregard the counsel of age. The man who has finished the race is weary and often beaten in spirit, even though he has won a victory. He has not the heart to advise anyone to be so reckless as to model a career after his own.

An Enjoyable Evening

The men who, ten or twenty years from now, will be the envy of the rest of us, are this minute beating their way through the brambles of the world's indifference. They are not doing much, but they are doing something, making a little progress each day. Out of the experience they are gaining they will some day do the perfect or near-perfect thing, and thus command the world's admiration.



LAST night I went home in a gay mood. I had received word that the radio I purchased the day before had been installed. We have had a radio for a couple of years but it never worked just right. This was a new model.

So I put on a pair of slippers and a flannel shirt, dined, drank two cups of coffee, and then settled down along-side a coal fire, with a cigar, books and magazines.

Meanwhile, the boy had been twisting the dial, trying to locate stations stretching from Boston to Davenport. It was pretty terrible. At 8 o'clock a first-class program was scheduled in New York, so he was sharply ordered to sit down and let 'er come.

The evening turned out pleasantly for all. After the children were in bed, we interrupted

Hotel Customs

our reading to do a dance. Then we had a couple of bottles of ginger ale with cheese and crackers. At 11:15 we turned the switch and called it a night.

There may be more useful inventions than the radio, but nothing has ever come into our house that brought as much pleasure for the entire family, and that includes everything except the open fireplace and the books.



PEOPLE are honest, generally speaking, but it costs a lot of money to make some realize that dishonesty doesn't pay.

Those who are obvious targets for crooks become quite cynical.

A city hotel man said his losses from bad checks and unpaid room rent were comparatively small—less than a half of one per cent—but that the expense of insuring and enforcing payment was a disquieting sum.

The custom of hotel-keepers is to take a chance on any guest for three days, provided baggage looks all right. At the end of three days, a house officer visits the room of the guest and inspects his shirts, collars and papers for marks of identification, and also for value. If the markings indicate the guest has registered under a fictitious name,

Tracing Identities

he comes under immediate suspicion and is closely watched.

It is not true that any guest is stopped who tries to leave the hotel with baggage before his bill is paid. The practice is too dangerous and might lead to trouble if the wrong man were accosted.

If a man "beats" his bill the hotel sends out tracers by wire and undertakes to compel payment. Ordinary crooks quickly become identified through the hotel clearing house. Clerks are on the look-out for the known dead-beats.

The hotel man said it would be possible for a clever man to live at hotels indefinitely if he followed a system. First, he must always register under a different name. Second, he must never receive mail nor make telephone calls from his room. (Telephone calls are easily traced since all numbers are recorded.) Third, he must have no packages delivered to his room, nor should he receive visitors. Preferably he should talk to no one in the hotel. (Any hint of his identity will be followed up.) Fourth, he should travel with good bags and from his clothing all marks of identification should be removed. Finally, he must not occupy a room more than three days.

The hotel man calculated that the chance

Beautiful Ideas

of detection with such precautions would be slight. But, he said, the life would be lonely and scarcely worth the effort.

Custom compels the hotels to cash checks for guests. Most of these checks are good eventually, but every day a stack is returned marked "Not sufficient funds." Then the collector goes to work. He usually gets the money.



FOR every ten men who can think of an idea only one exists who can carry out an idea.

Let a board of directors or a committee meet and somebody will be sure to expound a Beautiful Idea. The owner of the idea will dream out loud, giving voice to visions that should strike everyone as impractical.

For fear of being considered dull and reactionary, the others will keep quiet. At the conclusion of the day-dream they will nervously shuffle their feet, gaze intently at their cigars, and wonder to themselves whether they are getting old since they seem to lack enthusiasm.

I have ceased to feel shame because I cannot rise and cheer any silly idea. My own half-baked notions have cost too much time and money. I have paid well for the

Idle Time a Problem

little judgment I have. Having applauded new ideas in the past I now diligently seek for the rare man who has the energy and persistence to get the most out of the old and tame ideas.

If there is any man I hate it's the fellow who walks out of a meeting after he has presented a Beautiful Idea, and says, by his manner, "Now I've given you the idea; all you have to do is work it out!"



PROBABLY modern civilization might be criticized on the point that too much emphasis has been placed on saving time.

When the sewing machine was invented, women complained that it would deprive them of a pleasant occupation, that it would leave them nothing to do in their idle hours. They were not as foolish as they have been made to appear.

Invention has freed so many from time-consuming occupations that the constructive use of idle time is now a real problem for millions of people. They are bored with the leisure they have gained. They take up innumerable ill-advised philanthropies and social uplifts, the net effects of which are often positively harmful.

Frequently a high price is paid for saving

And An Expensive One

time that has no value after it is saved. The price of a passage on a fast ocean liner is much greater than the fare on a slower ship. If the fast vessel saves four days in crossing the Atlantic the charge for each day saved may be \$50. To men and women engaged in international trade, this may be a low price for a day saved, but few pleasure-bent travelers can justify the expenditure.

Many methods and devices are real time-savers, of course, but my objection to them is that they save time that was formerly agreeably occupied, far more agreeably occupied than any entertainment that can be devised to take their place. A further tragedy lies in this: that the filling of leisure time with artificial entertainment is exceedingly expensive and beyond the reach of most people. Thus we have the spectacle of twentieth century human beings economizing time in natural and useful pursuits, and then finding themselves bored because they have nothing to do.

Movies, automobiling, professional sports, cabarets, gin parties, golf, bridge, crossword puzzles, philanthropic, and reform organizations, amusement parks, worthless magazines, and luncheon clubs, have been created at stupendous cost to fill these vacant hours. The idiocy of most of these forms

Paternalism Curbs Initiative

of entertainment is recognized by those who indulge in them, but they are preferred to the dullness of idleness.



WITH many overhead schemes for the world's salvation, everything rests back on integrity and driving power in personal character.— *Harry Emerson Fosdick*.

I once had faith in "overhead schemes" but finally reached the conclusion that people could not be helped unless they were eager to help themselves.

Politicians get into office and newspapers get circulation by promising to do something for people. Would it not be refreshing if some politician came forward and promised to let the people alone?

It might turn out that the people, weary of being coddled and restrained, would welcome the freedom.

Character is developed through experience. If I were a young man, and knew that if I ever got into a hole I would be taken care of, I should probably skate on pretty thin ice.

This is what happens to people when the government adopts a paternalistic attitude. By offering old age pensions and unemployment insurance, and comparable measures, the moral fibre of everyone is weakened.

Scouting Young Talent

Instead of anticipating the future and accumulating a little money for possible unemployment and inevitable old age, they say to themselves, "Why should I worry? I'll be taken care of."



THERE are scouts in business, as in baseball. A "scout" is a man who seeks out young men of unusual talent.

The story we are about to relate actually happened. It will probably never happen to any of us, but it is pleasant reading anyway.

A man in his thirties had a good job with a good company. His salary had crossed the five-figure mark. He was doing his work as well as he could, with very little complaining.

He was an officer of a trade association and attended a convention where he found himself bumping into an old gentleman about three times a day for three days. He was polite, but a trifle annoyed that the old man should insist upon so much conversation.

One day, in New York, he received an invitation to lunch from the President of a large corporation. It turned out that the host was the same gentleman who had button-holed our friend so often at the convention. At the convention, however, the man

Salary Tripled

had represented himself as President of a small and practically unknown company. The truth is, he was president of a half-dozen companies, so there was no misrepresentation.

Our young friend and the old gentleman are now seated comfortably, and the old gentleman is asking the young man how much he makes. He hears the figure and immediately says he wants the young man to work for him at triple the salary.

"But you know nothing about me," protests the young man. "Further, I know nothing about this job you are offering."

"I know all about you," insists the president. "I've been checking you up for three months. I went to the convention to look you over. We want a few new men like you in our company."

The young man made an investigation of his own, assured himself that the corporation was well rated in Bradstreet's; consulted a couple of experts on the old man's sanity, and accepted the job.



ONLY MEAN PEOPLE are really ugly.

IT'S THE CONSUMER'S good luck that it pays to be honest.

Are We Out of Step?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON once said: "We don't live for the necessities of life. In reality, no one cares a damn for them. What we live for are its superfluities."

If a man has one can of beans, he won't work overtime in order that he may enjoy two cans.

On the other hand, many men will get along on half of a can of beans for two days in order to save up money for a broiled lobster on the third day.

Many of us have the wrong slant on the luxury business in the United States. A favorite occupation with economists is totaling up the expenditures for luxuries, and then drawing the conclusion that if this money were wisely spent everybody could own a little cottage on a shady street, and grow geraniums in window boxes.

Perhaps that is your idea and my idea of a sensible way of living, which merely proves that we are out of step.

To assume that the American people would work as hard as they do if every third or fourth family did not own an automobile, reveals a lack of understanding of human nature. The reason men hustle, the reason both wives and husbands work, the reason we get up when the alarm clock rings in-

Satisfying Our Desires

stead of going back to sleep, is because we can't support our luxurious follies unless we do.

One day a man asked me to lend him \$150 so he could buy a second-hand automobile. He had no cash surplus. He was living with his wife in a furnished room. He was making \$30 a week and she was making \$15. He proposed to pay back the \$150 to me at the rate of \$5 per week. I told him it would cost at least \$5 a week to operate his car, making a total expenditure of \$10 for something which had never before been included in his budget.

"If you've never been able to save money out of your income in the past, how can you expect to meet this additional expense?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, "we can cut down our other expenses. Furthermore, I expect to get a raise soon, and so does my wife."

I didn't lend him the money, but I saw his idea.

Few people are able to get a thrill out of merely saving money. Few men or women are able to work hard unless they have something to work for that gives them a keen sense of satisfaction and realization.

In no other place in the world does the ordinary man have so many tantalizing

Develops Good Qualities

possibilities for enjoyment open to him as in the United States. Workers in other lands see no hope of satisfying any desire except that of the stomach. With a little extra effort the American worker sees the actual possibility of driving across the country in his own automobile. He makes the effort. He does his job better and faster than any other worker in the world. Take his luxuries away from him and he would say "What's the use?"



IT is a mistake to assume, as some people do, that a successful business career requires the sacrifice of any good quality.

Business develops a gentleman, and instead of weakening any good quality, it strengthens all his qualities. A real gentleman is not handicapped in business; quite the contrary, a boor succeeds in business or anywhere else, in spite of and not because of his boorishness.

Some of the finest gentlemen I have ever known are highly successful business men. They have conducted themselves as men of honor and culture all through their lives, and in the brisk competition of modern life their very integrity, courtesy, and humanity have quite naturally insured their supremacy.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

SOME people really seem to know more than is good for them. Others, although knowing less, have the happy faculty of being able to adjust themselves to conditions and to make the best of them.

If anything is wrong with the world they don't know it.

Their formula for getting along and ahead is as simple as a Mother Goose rhyme. They work every day, live within their income, buy a little life insurance, and deposit some money each payday in the oldest savings bank in town.

They seem to be totally oblivious to the hysteria of the wise ones, which asserts that employers are conscienceless exploiters, that the middleman is a parasite, that insurance companies are thieves, and that bankers are robbers.

Possibly they may know that the money for which the banks pay their depositors three or four per cent is loaned to others at five or six per cent; they may have heard that somewhere between the farmer and themselves one hundred per cent is added to the price of a bushel of apples, that a twenty-year payment life policy is a safer bet for the insurance company than ordinary life, and that an employer always tries to make a profit out of his business.

Brains and Luck

I say they may have heard these things, but being simple-minded, they take the world as it is and make the best of what is offered.

They take what they can get, and let the other man keep what he can.

Is there wisdom in this? For some people this philosophy is altogether too crass, too materialistic. Such are entitled to exercise their intellects, and I applaud their indignation. At the same time I admire the canniness of those who are wise enough to play the game while the others fight about the rules.



HOW much of any success is due to luck and how much to brains?

The discussion is always interesting.

I have been reading George Harvey's "Life of Frick," one of the Carnegie partners. Frick started out with a few thousand dollars of the family's money, and considerable credit. He optioned coal lands and built coke ovens. At thirty he was a millionaire; at forty he was a multi-millionaire.

Frick had brains — and luck.

He had brains because he demonstrated his ability to run any business a little better than the ordinary run of competitors. Frick would have been a leader in any industry.

He was lucky in that he chose an industry the product of which was in such great demand that it was possible in some years to obtain prices which exceeded cost of production by two or three times. Profits rolled in.

Frick might have put as much intelligence and energy into clock-making or wash-tub manufacture, and made enough money in the course of thirty years to be offered a directorship in a small bank.

Maybe Frick was too keen to have allowed his attention to be consumed by a struggling industry. Perhaps it wasn't mere circumstance that he chose coke and steel.

No one can say what part of his success was due to luck. I think that some of it was — how much I should not care to estimate.



A MOUNTAIN of books on business has accumulated within the last two decades. I know a lot of old timers who haven't read a single one. They don't know that the new literature on psychology fills a ten-foot book shelf, while the books on "Personnel Administration," written within eight years, weight 263 pounds. These old fellows have been going along, picking salesmen unscientifically, selling goods without quotas or surveys of the market, and producing

Old Ideas Still Work

without schedules. When they want to know how they stand they ask for the inventory, the accounts receivable and payable, and the cash balance. Their methods are as old-fashioned as castor oil.

As I say, these old people learn nothing new. They never hear of anything new. The old ideas have worked in the past; they see no reason for changing them now.

On the other hand, the voracious reader of books and magazines comes to his office every morning with a new short-cut to success which he proceeds to put into operation. In his enthusiasm for a new method of charting sales, he forgets that the chief function of the salesman is to sell goods and not to make out fancy reports; in his glee over a new system of cost accounting, he forgets that low costs are more important than a record of costs.

To this man the old axioms of business success are as annoying as a grandmother's advice to a flapper. He has no use for old stuff; he says we are now living in the age of the aeroplane, not of the horse and buggy.

Well, let us be respectful to new knowledge, new ideas, new notions. Let us encourage study and research, new books and new contributions to learning.

But —

Let's not scoff at the old ideas just because they are old. The reason ideas are old is because they are good, because they have worked. If you find yourself an easy victim to every new idea, intersperse your reading of new books with a re-reading of Solomon.



ALMOST everyone is compelled to give orders, and everyone knows how difficult it is to give orders so that the subordinate feels no resentment.

Whiting Williams tells of a foreman who had a gang of laborers digging holes up and down a street for two days. He did not explain the purpose of the digging, and finally the foreigners threw down their shovels in disgust. Work to no apparent purpose was utter drudgery.

With a strike on his hands, the foreman explained that he had been detailed to locate a hidden leak in a water main, and that he was going at the task the best way he knew how.

Supplied with this information, the men went back to work willingly.

This is what is known as the "law of the situation." In short, if the situation is carefully explained, it is usually unnecessary to give orders at all — the situation gives orders.

“Millionaire Hobo”

Nothing so irritates a good workman as to have a foreman interrupt him in the middle of a job, and tell him to “drop it and do this.” No explanation, no reason why.

If the foreman said, “The company has just received a telegram asking us to get out a special job this afternoon,” everything would be all right, and the workman would probably get a considerable thrill out of his part in completing the rush order.



ANYBODY who has money has first learned how to keep money.

I have had a good laugh reading about James Eads How, the “millionaire hobo” whom I once met in my newspaper days. How is the grandson of James B. Eads, the bridge builder, in St. Louis. He was a mild man who dressed like a bum, and traveled around the country promoting a bill to compel the government to provide work for the unemployed. He would hold conventions for the hobos, furnishing the sandwiches, coffee, and resolutions.

I wondered how he managed to keep money. Such men usually go broke in a couple of years.

Art Young reveals the secret in his book “On My Way.”

Entitled to High Honor

It appears that How concluded when quite young that he was incompetent to resist the pleas of money-seekers. So he put his fortune in the hands of a citizens' committee of five, and signed away his right to draw more than a stipulated sum.

Young needed money to promote a magazine he was publishing. He doubted that How would be the "angel," but his business manager insisted upon making the effort. So How was invited to the office and the "works" were applied.

Did How come through? He did not. He explained that he had no funds, but advised the business manager to see another wealthy man whose address he supplied. Then he gave the manager a box of marshmallows. That was his practice—to give marshmallows and chewing gum!



SHOULD not a special day be set aside for offering thanks to the manufacturer of automobiles? How often do you hear of an accident, due to a defect for which the maker could be blamed? Very rarely.

The automobile manufacturers are entitled to high honor for this achievement. Without compulsory laws or government inspection they have produced a product which has

A Public Servant

safeguarded the lives and limbs of the entire population. Accidents, with the exception of a minute percentage, are due to the carelessness or recklessness of drivers. Wheels do come off and steering apparatus does go wrong, but such accidents are most uncommon.

I have never heard a manufacturer boast of this achievement. Possibly they are restrained by superstition.



PROFESSOR H. A. OVERSTREET, who seems to have a sympathetic understanding of business problems, says the business man will stand higher in public esteem when he places money-making second to self-respecting craftsmanship.

He admits that modern business men are doing this in increasing numbers.

"The business man is beginning to learn the joy of the artist in his work," he says.

I observe countless examples of this.

Crookedness and irresponsibility are becoming increasingly rare. The business man is now conscious that, within the range of his special activity, he is a public servant, with a responsibility to his employees, his customers, and his community. The discharge of this responsibility may sometimes

From Tolstoy

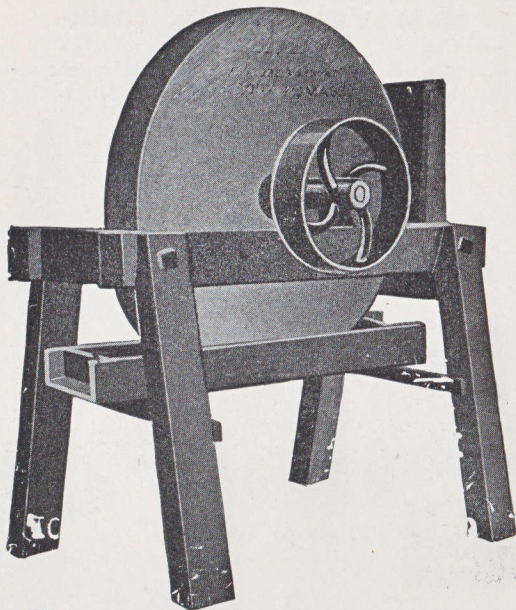
occasion a real personal sacrifice, but the greatness of men is measured by the willingness to forget oneself and one's personal fortune when much is at stake. This is the quality that commends teachers, doctors, nurses, statesmen, and scientists to the public. Identical opportunities, for genuine public service, are afforded business men, and it is to their credit, as Professor Overstreet points out, that they are accepting them.



THE artist of the future will understand that to compose a fairy-tale, a touching little song, a lullaby or an entertaining riddle, an amusing jest, or to draw a sketch which will delight dozens of generations or millions of children and adults, is incomparably more important and more fruitful than to compose a novel or a symphony, or paint a picture, which will divert some members of the wealthy class for a short time and then forever be forgotten. The region of this art of the simple feelings accessible to all is enormous and it is as yet almost untouched.—*Tolstoy*.

WHY IS IT that almost everybody at a symphony concert looks a little sick?

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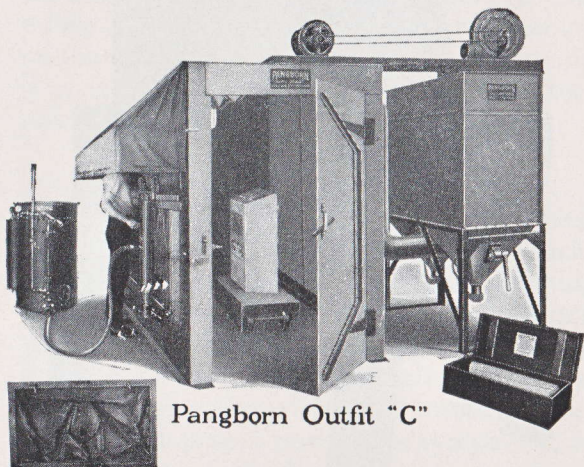
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